I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too: God keepe Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: ther's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend me thy Sword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the hoones of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day; I haue payd *Percie*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay before God, *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot, there's that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prin. What is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottle at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way, ſo: if he doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of mee. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *and* Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. *Iohn* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

King. I will doe ſo: my L. of *Weſtmerland*, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile lead you to your Tent.

Prince. Lead me, my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The Prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaynd Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. Wee breathe too long, come couſin *Weſtm*
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before, I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt;
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends metall to vs all.

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras he
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grie
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on mee ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: and defend thy ſelfe.

Dowg. I feare, thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt it thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou bee:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Print

Prince. Hold vp thy head, vile Scot, or thou a
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but hee meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nichlas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Cliſton*: Ile to *Cliſton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,